not only to emulate, but to surpass what our ancestry accomplished, and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

JOSEPH MOORE.

Joseph Moore, late of Anthonys Creek, was one of the most widely known citizens of our county in his day. His parents were William Moore and Margaret, his wife. It is believed they came from Rockbridge County about 1780. No known relationship is claimed with other branches of the Moores. They opened up a home on the knoll just south of Preston Harper's, on Knapps Creek, where a rivulet crosses the road. Their house was just below the present road at that point. It was here they lived and died. They were buried on the east side of the creek, on the terrace south of the tenant house now standing there. Persons now living have seen their graves.

These pioneers were the parents of two sons and two daughters: Joseph, John, Mary (Polly), and a daughter whose name seems to be lost to memory.

John Moore went to Kentucky.

Mary was the wife of Colonel John Baxter, who was the first Colonel of the 127th Regiment, and was very prominent in the organization of the county.

Joseph Moore was a soldier in the war of 1812. During his service he met and married Hannah Cady, in East Virginia. She was a native of Connecticut, and was a school teacher, and is spoken of by the older

people as a sprightly person. Soon after his return, Joseph Moore settled on the homestead, building his house between Goelet's residence and the barn. He finally moved to Anthonys Creek.

Their family consisted of five daughters and three sons: Hannah, Sarah, Matilda, Margaret, Abigail, Daniel, Joseph, and Henry Harrison.

Sarah was married to Jackson Bussard, on Anthonys Creek. He was a Confederate soldier, and died in the battle of Dry Creek, near the White Sulphur. J. H. Buzzard, Assessor for Pocahontas, is her son.

Matilda became Mrs Elijah May, on Anthonys Creek. Her sons John and Calvin married Lizzie and Lillie, daughters of Register Moore, near Marlinton.

Margaret was married to Jacob Blizzard, of Greenbrier County, and went west.

Abigail became Mrs John Wade, on Anthonys Creek, and lived there.

Daniel was deputy sheriff under his father. He finally went to Missouri, and became a prominent citizen. He raised and commanded a company of volunteers for service in the Mexican War, and was with Colonel Doniphan in his famous expedition to New Mexico.

Joseph Moore, Junior, went to Braxton County.

Henry Moore married Martha Young, daughter of Captain William Young of Stony Creek, and is now living in Iowa.

Joseph Moore, Esq., was a very prominent citizen in county affairs. He was high sheriff, justice of the peace, and was very much sought after for drawing up

deeds, articles of agreement, and writing wills. His judgment in matters of controversy seems to have been very correct, as but few suits brought contrary to his advice ever succeeded in the courts.

One of my earliest recollections of Squire Moore was when I was a half grown lad, attending school in Huntersville from home in Marlinton. My first lessons in grammar were conned during those morning and evening rides. One playtime I was at 'Governor' Haynes' Hotel on the corner now occupied by the McClintic property. Squire Moore, who had spent the forenoon in the clerk's office with the late Henry M. Moffett, was seen coming up the street very slowly. It was a hot day in summer, and he was in his shirt-sleeves, with his vest unbuttoned and thrown open, and full saddle bags over his shoulder. Mr Haynes calls out: "Squire, you are taking things mighty slow, and move as if you had no business on hand and never had any."

In slow, measured tones the Squire observes, as if he had studied the matter very carefully: "Well, Governor, I have been around here long enough to find out there is no use in being in a hurry about anything except catching fleas."

The 'Governor' was inclined to take offense at this, but the Squire pointed significantly towards the refreshment counter, and in the clinking of glasses the flea trouble was forgotten.

It would require more time and space than is allotted to these memoirs to write out all that might come mind about this interesting man, so we will give only

one more reminiscence. In April, 1848, I spent a rainy afternoon with Squire Moore in a school he was teaching near Sunset, in the old Daugherty building. He showed me a question in arithmetic that puzzled him. He could find the answer called for but it would not "prove out," and he could not be satisfied with anything that would not "prove out."

We put our heads together and found a result that would "prove out," so we both felt that we knew more than the man who wrote the book,—that much of it at least. We lingered after school was out, until it was so near night that when I returned to William Harper's the evening candle was already lighted and placed on the supper table.

After proving out things in our ciphering consultation, we had a talk about the Bible and Christian religion. I was a Bible distributor at that time, as some of the older people may remember. The habit the Squire had of "proving out" things came into evidence again:

"William, you must excuse me if I talk a little plain to you, for you may think strangely of the way I sometimes talk. There are people who think I am an infidel, because I sometimes make remarks they do not agree with. I have studied a good deal about religion, and if you have as much sense as I think you have, you will some day see these things as I do. I always keep a Bible or Testament handy to me when I am at home, and most always carry a Testament in my saddle pockets when away on business.

"Now you must excuse me, William, when I say to

you that in my private opinion there can not be much in the Christian religion if it puts its most earnest and zealous professors to wearing out the knees of their pants in religious services in the fall and winter, and then lets them turn over and wear out the rest of their breeches backsliding during the spring and summer. Somehow, William, it does not prove out to suit my notion what religion should be—provided there is such a thing as religion anyway."

I felt that Squire Moore was not disposed to discuss personal piety seriously, and the subject was changed. We never met again to compare opinions about any matter. I learn from his friends, however, that during the closing years of his life he gave close attention to his Bible. He has been seen sitting for hours in the shade of an apple tree, with an open Bible on his knee. It is my fervent hope that my aged friend was able to 'prove out' that it is a "faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the greatest," and that he was willing to take the sinner's place and receive the sinner's salvation; at the same time praying: "Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not when my strength fails."

ROBERT D. McCUTCHAN.

Among the citizens of our county deserving special notice for industry, hospitality, and good influence on society, Robert Dunlap McCutchan, late of Thomas Creek, is to be remembered as one justly entitled to